dish," and right enough the driver quickly anticipated her cows' needs, and when her dish was full went off and emptied it on a little heap of manure. You thus keep your grain uncontaminated and salvage your manure—most priceless of products. If the driver lapses into a daydream a warning yell from the onlookers would call her attention back in time. I don't know whether the dung-dish is in use elsewhere, but it is at any rate one more symbol of Hunza fastidiousness. You *plough* with oxen, but you thresh with *cows*, whose slighter needs can also be forestalled. When all the wheat is thoroughly trampled the men take great wooden five-pronged forks, most gracefully shaped things (made, of course, at home), and towards evening when there comes a little breeze they toss the broken wheat up into the air to winnow it. The broken straw is blown to one side while the heavier grain falls into a heap. Then they take wooden, home-made spades and toss the grain again to get rid of any remaining straw. These processes take many hours' hard work, and will not be completed in one day; but they have no rain to fear and can leave their stacks of straw and heaps of grain from one day till the next. They leave their threshing-floors unguarded when they go home at night; pilfering a neighbour's food is simply "not done."

When the winnowing is over the women take a big sieve, made of thin strips of leather criss-crossed over a round frame. This is coarse enough to let the grain through but to catch any scraps of straw. When this first sieving is over, they take a finer sieve (with, of course, a totally different name) which keeps the grain and lets the dust fall through. But even then they don't consider the job quite finished. The women turn the pile over with their hands, carefully picking out any sliver of straw that may have previously escaped. When at last it is ready, the grain is filled into large skin sacks, which will take up to 160 lb. or so, and the men carry these off to the storeroom while the broken straw is loaded into huge open-ribbed baskets that can also be carried only by a man. The straw is taken up on to the flat roof and poured down through a central hole into the straw shed.

There is no hard and fast rule about what is woman's work

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

of India that it should not be taken over by Russia. It was decided to put on the throne a younger brother of the fugitive Safdar Ali's—who by good luck had escaped murder. This young man, Muhammad Nazím Khán, had had an unusually wide political education. As a boy of only nine or ten he had been sent down by his father as a hostage to Gilgit, and had there met British officers for the first time and gained many new ideas. Later he had acted as ambassador and negotiator for his father and his brother on missions to Chinese Turkestan and Afghanistan, and he could talk Wakhi, Turki, Khowar, and Hindustani, as well as his own Burushaski. Above all, he was an extremely able youth, and had drawn his own deductions from his varied adventures. In 1892[1] he was therefore made king, with the able Humayun Beg as his Wazir, and since that time he has been our trusty and faithful ally, guarding for us the lofty passes that are the extreme northern gates to India on the west. For four and forty years he has now ruled his people with firmness, sympathy, and kindness, maintaining security, dispensing justice in accordance with local custom and public opinion, keeping up and encouraging the traditional festivals that punctuate the year with joust and dance, music and merriment.

During his reign there have been only two murders on Hunza soil, serious crime is unknown, and even theft and petty pilfering are non-existent, though there are in the country no prisons and no police. On rare occasions when some mischief-maker threatens serious trouble, the Mir, with the concurrence of his subjects, may deport the would-be disturber of the peace to the distant valleys of Shimshál to tend the royal flocks that pasture there or to spend his energy on roads or aqueducts. Food and pasturage are plentiful, and life in some respects more luxurious than in lower Hunza; but the Hunzukuts loves his home, his family, his apricots, and after a couple of years' exile the malcontent returns a wiser man. It is amusing to see a recent book indicting the Mir of Hunza for the "tyranny" that imposes so humane and so useful a punish-

[1] A popular account of these high matters may be found in Algernon Durand's *Making of a Frontier*, and in E. F. Knight's *Where Three Empires Meet*.

exception of the doctor or visitors. There was a letter from my office awaiting me when I reached the Mir's palace. The Mir told me about it right after our first greeting. He was understanding enough to realize I would be happy to hear from home.

I guess many of the things about Hunza wouldn't allow the country to come under the heading of a democracy, but from what I saw of life and living in Hunza, I assure you it is more of a democracy than any other democracy in existence today.

Hunza has no policemen, no soldiers, no bureaucracy, no customs officers or immigration officers. They do have the Mir who is the ruler and true head of the state and the Mir appoints the Wazir who is his right hand man and acts as judge.

All major squabbles and disputes are handled by the Mir. He holds court regularly and makes the decisions and his word is law and cannot be challenged or contested by anyone. Minor cases are looked after and into and tried by the Wazir.

Hunza does not have a jail. There is no lockup whatsoever. If and when a crime is committed, the criminal or culprit is banished to a place called Shimshal. At Shimshal the criminal or guilty person is not confined or jailed. He just has to live in that rugged place, where living is grim. The altitude is somewhere around 12,000 or 13,000 feet, and eking an existence out of the land there is most difficult and precarious. Actually the form of punishment is a sort of ostracism.

Evidently the threat of being sentenced to live in Shimshal is a great deterrent, because few crimes are committed. There have only been two instances in the last ten years where serious crimes have occurred. In one instance it was a youth who had posted indecent signs on trees and other places. He was hailed before

674 689 the Wazir and given a stern warning and that ended that!

682 Another case occurred about 10 years ago when the Wazir's son became involved with a young man and girl. In this case the boy and girl (for that is what they were, rather than young man and woman) were misbehaving in the area adjacent to the Wazir's home. An argument was started when they were asked to leave the premises. The young man became unruly, then offensive and he said many unkind and indecent things. The Wazir's son warned him to move on and behave himself, but the young man refused to listen and persisted in his actions. The Wazir's son went into his home, got a gun, and said to him, "Now move away from here or I'll shoot you!"

But still the young hoodlum refused to listen or be warned. So the Wazir's son shot him. At the trial he claimed that he did not know the gun was loaded and he just made the threat in an effort to frighten the lad and make him go about his business. The boy died and the Wazir's son was charged with murder, and for this he was banished to Shimshal for 10 years.

A short time later the dead boy's parents appeared before the Mir and begged him to remit the sentence to the Wazir's son, as they claimed they believed him and that he did not intend to shoot their son. Besides, their son had provoked the attack. After he had been in Shimshal for two years, the Mir had him brought back and as the matter stands at the present moment in Hunza, this lad is now the Wazir.

681 In the olden days, a form of punishment in Hunza that was administered on instructions from the Mir was to immerse the culprit in the cold waters of the Hunza River. A 15-minute immersion in these icy waters was tantamount to a death sentence.

Here are some interesting quotations from Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan's autobiography 127

"During my thirty-nine years as Mir there have been two murders only in my country and all the people have been happy and prosperous. The Government of India had never interfered with the internal administration of the country and as my people see more of the world they have added cleverness to their previous simplicity. 674 [648]

"There is not enough land for the growing population and so I encourage my people to go out into the world and get work in other places. . . . 167

"There are four clans in Hunza and in each village there are appointed four 'Makaddams' (men of good family who settle any little disputes that may arise.) If they consider a crime is too serious for them to settle they refer it to the Trangfas and they, in turn to the Mir's court which is ever open and from sentence of which there is no appeal. 692

"If it is considered that a death sentence is called for, the people are collected and if any one will speak up for the culprit, his sentence is remitted. Otherwise he is executed in the presence of the people. 695 681

"In the former times if anyone committed adultery, his house could be destroyed, his animals slaughtered and his trees felled without any trouble falling on the offenders and though that custom has fallen into desuetude, it is still considered right for a man to kill his wife's lover if he can catch them 'flagrante delicto'! 684 837

"Marriage is not allowed between near relations and whenever possible, people marry into a clan different from their own. Child marriage is discouraged and tribal customs have been moulded to conform to modern ideas since I became Mir. . . . 582 [177]

"In former years Shimshal was used as a place to 681

681 which people were exiled and as officers were continually asking me what sort of place it was, I determined to go there and see for myself. The track there
491 was very bad indeed and in two places there were goat hair bridges which were very unpleasant to cross. A ring of wood was used and the traveler was drawn from one bank to the other and if he wore a beard most of the hairs were dragged out on the way. . . .

643 "My father[1] had six wives, three of which were of the
595 ruling classes and three from the Zemindaris. All however, were married to him according to the law and so he left behind no bastards."

276 The Mir told me that of late some of the young boys
177 have taken to smoking cigarettes. This they have picked up and learned from the Hunzan men who have been serving in the Pakistani army. Cigarettes can be pur-
685 chased in the shop in Baltit and a few occasions of
276 petty theft have been encountered. In each case it
[443] seems that they stole in order to get money to buy
[681] cigarettes. These few petty crimes of course did not involve ostracism to Shimshal. It is expected that this condition will continue or even become aggravated as the youth of Hunza become more familiar and acquainted with smoking. Some of the men in Hunza smoke the "hookah" which we know as the water-pipe.

249 Some forms and varieties of tobacco have been tried
123 in Hunza. I promised to send the Mir seeds of the various types of tobacco that we grow in America, such as Virginia, Burley and Quesnel. Perhaps if they can learn to grow tobacco, it will enable the youth to get their hands on some tobacco and satisfy their craving for it without resorting to other ways and means. However, they would have to get paper from somewhere for none is made or improvised in Hunza.

674 It is obvious from what I have seen, that crime and

[1] [i.e. - the father of S/L Mohomed Nazim Khan - ANALYST]

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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misdemeanors on the scale that we know them in the Western world are practically unknown in Hunza. That being the case, it behooves us to investigate and study family life in Hunza, for juvenile delinquency is becoming a very serious and ever broadening problem in America.

I saw samples of Hunzan justice. Its simplicity made me weep . . . when I recalled our procrastinating, shackled, unwieldy, judicial system. In the Western world civil cases take months and even years to be heard in court before a judge. In Hunza there are so few cases of wrongdoings, or even individual or family problems, that a hearing can be arranged almost immediately.

Petty squabbles or differences between husband and wife or even other disputes can be brought before the Wazir or before the Mir in private. When something more serious is at stake, the grieved party or parties bring their case to the "morning durbar," which is held regularly in the courtyard surrounded by the beautiful gardens at the entrance to the Mir's palace. At the time I was at Baltit many workmen were busily engaged in erecting a large stone enclosure or balcony where the "durbars" will be held, allowing more room for spectators and greater comfort for the counsel.

During the proceedings the Mir sits comfortably ensconced on a square-shaped wooden divan, luxuriantly smothered in rugs, fancy cushions and tapestries. There is none of the strict court procedure or dourness and frigidity known to our Western judiciary system. Here one feels that he is talking to a friend—a fellow citizen—or at least, an acquaintance.

Perhaps we have carried our ideas of justice, freedom and democracy a bit too far. In order that everyone may be afforded justice and fair treatment at the hands